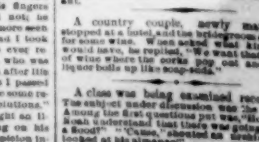


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He entered the library with a half-smile on his lips, but this was checked instan-



ST. WASHINGTON, LAHO.

SYLVIA:

CHAPTER XXV

"Never turn me!" I cried, and with

"What does Lisa say?" he asked, smiling with a proud confidence.

pink; a pink rose nestles at the side. The blue Shepherdess hat is worn over powdered hair. Blue stockings and high-heeled shoes with pink rosettes complete the costume. A basket of flowers and a crook tied with ribbon and flowers are carried in the hand, and often a small toy lamb under the arm.

There is any hesitation in naming something suitable, a forfeit must be paid. When the story is well told, a good deal of fun may be got out of this game.

"Bumb Crambo" is another good game. When playing it half the party leave the room and those who remain choose a verb, which the others are to guess. When the absent ones return they are told of a word which will rhyme with the word fixed upon, and they then consult together to find out what

• **not thank me for anything.** Ems

Dr. Baring, one of the same family as the English bankers of that name, who has written the *Biographies of Darwin*, in doing so gives up a salary of \$20,000 and a magnificent residence. It remains the fortune of a man of science.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fire-

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my eyes and odorous
re Summer built her
and my gentle sister
under and o'er pasted
by orange flower petals
dewy dew sprinkled
aging waters murmured
such as love dreams

It felt and sweet
first I wandered, in
true memory rests
age of that sparkling
and close to cry
and his hand inter
we stayed in deep
entirely new—hand
and's own waves in
he soft one's feather
on the fishing cast
soft strains of gay guitar

them all to follow the
at's grave—my mood
of happy infancy—
them all with these
more the night's gaze
music melt on midday
a tender tracing tell
scent of roses fair
some those glances
bright brilliant beauty
y night with light
where day's pale stars

in fact to a hand where
on his by home
he stern spirit's hand
ee light o'er the front
ing earth, the dull, di
e pale firmament
ee, scarce missed, the
dark and darkness feel
and ke the glory's
most lines of our in the
sala and colours their
as in Per's' Paradise
he test g't seals up the
he birds and trees to re
ching that lingering
right as the mallet be
out the fair clock's wh
out the front of beam

er mine me—
I've loved but forever
thy strong heart beat
e for the friends by
er and sister! All
this cold, rude, home
on thy holy and love
t thrills to the sleep
comes d' part of the lo
my leaves, we, facing

For's perfume'd
e sweet South that at
eastern home of child
e give them the citro
at, smiling evening be
t's low song half'd my

as'd the child who tur
t with another in reg
e the bounding on an
extremes wing her side
ly each golden, g'it
e the clear blue of m
on a radiant more ho
ad beams that shine fi

and flame its eternal
Heter was that wander

affection my pilgrim
is around me while

UNNET TO SLE

in full midnight could
ey's pining soul wake
he thy gentle pow'r O
the weanest, wander
ad has drawn into a ch
the twining, anxious
time's shade a baby re
dence down of black
under, close my wake
see a rightly power to
at that thou may't w
one again I may rise,
cents, the best peace
of life, secure, 'local

DRESS TO MIDN

on pow'r!
y reign
I want grandeur hail
saw! mighty Thana!
se dread hour
y potentate, none,
spectres walk the shad
sepulchres give birth
to the frightened moon
I need recounts for h

it of how ill-ear thou
and in superstition's
saw and terrors wean
g ghosts and ghostly ph
the etheral are
marchant penons of the
e the trembling soul
horrorous visions of all
on the faces since m
here's arguent space thy
ad to bear
e i g ear
with's agonizing cry
saw, to mock
its shout of such y
saw's gild d danc